



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

"I passed but one year in the barracks, but during that time I went through more bitterness and offense than during all the preceding years of my life. From the first day of his service till the last the soldier is desired to give himself, soul and body, to his trainers, so that they may extinguish every spark of humanity in him. This transformation of a man into a beast is termed in the barracks 'the maintenance of military discipline.'

"I remember how I was brought from the station to the barracks with a crowd of other recruits. The old soldiers had all turned out to witness the arrival of the new comers, and through lines of them we entered the barracks and ascended to the third story of the building. We were obliged to swallow a good deal of mockery and offensive joking from the old occupants of the barracks. One got a hard blow by way of a joke, another had his hat knocked off with the remark: 'Where are you pushing to with your hat on? Don't you see the Dyadka?' The luckless recruits obeyed all commands without murmur, snatched off their caps before everybody who desired it, some of them always walking bareheaded for fear of giving unexpected offense.

"The first year of military service is especially trying. It is the period when the recruit is trained from early morning to late at night in order that he may become intimate with the means of defending his Czar and country from the enemy — 'interior and exterior.' The Dyadka (a non-commissioned officer) — this is the moulder of the body and soul of the new recruit, for whom he is responsible to the commander — receives frequent blows in the face from his superior if the pupil does not advance sufficiently quickly in the soldier's 'catechism' and the various military exercises. Therefore the Dyadka mercilessly ill-treats his drilling-class, and in order to make his heart more tender the recruits will bribe him to the extent of their possibility with bacon and bread, brandy and money. Of course not every recruit is able to bribe the Dyadka. The greater part are doomed to suffer every kind of ill-treatment.

"Here is a sketch from life. A lesson of 'catechism' is proceeding in the barracks. Each group of soldiers is studying separately with its own Dyadka. They are sitting strained and motionless, every eye is fixed upon the Dyadka, who is lying on his bed.

"'Well, now, you bloated ox' — and the Dyadka pokes his thick finger into the ribs of a huge, clumsy Little Russian — 'tell me, what is a soldier?'

"The fellow springs to his feet, falls rigidly into position, his eyes protruding from fright.

"'A soldier is a servant of his Czar and Fatherland, their defender from enemies — from enemies' —

"The face of the recruit trembles convulsively. It is seen that he is striving with all force to recall the forgotten words.

"'Well?'

"'I have forgotten, sir' — falters the pupil.

"'Forgotten!' viciously repeats the Dyadka, and indulges in a storm of furious imprecation. 'You, carrots,' he cries, pointing to another recruit — 'Give him a rounder in the nose to make him remember.'

"'Carrots' jumps to his feet, and conscientiously obeys the command. He flicks the nose of his luckless companion with his huge middle finger, until he is stopped by the Dyadka. The nose of the offender gets steadily

redder and redder as the operation proceeds, and his eyes become full of tears, but the Dyadka laughs heartily, and the recruits diplomatically follow his example.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There are very few who dare to protest. If there are such, they are from the ranks of the town-workers or simply fellows more lettered than the rest, who feel more conscious of their dignity. The officers and the Dyadkas persecute such 'students' relentlessly. They force them to repeat a hundred times some fatiguing exercise, until half-mad, they refuse to continue, which is at once a reason for their being court-martialed.

"The whole day long the recruit is driven about, now to drill, now on various errands or duties. The whole day long he is consumed by one thought: how to avoid offense, how to avoid a blow or some other penalty. The evening comes, the exercises are finished, and the recruit rejoices at the thought that now he is to be left in peace. But no! In the military regulations it is decreed that during the leisure hours singing and other amusements are to be permitted. This permission is read by the superiors as a command, and after supper the order is usually given, 'Sing!' Then begins the soldier's recreation. Far from being a recreation, it is a torture. The recruit is longing to escape from this grinding routine. But how can he get away to be alone for awhile when he is commanded by his chiefs to 'amuse himself'?

"In fact, it is necessary for the new recruit to forget himself altogether; to cease to think or feel; to lower himself to the level of an animal, in order that he may look quietly on at this base process of brutalizing men.

"'You know,' said an artilleryman to me, who was a man of some education, 'I am now just like this wooden table. I have no self-respect, nothing in me at all. Every sign of life I had has been killed by this cursed service. And yet before the service I was also a human being!'"

### What the World Has Lost by War.

Fancy what we should have had around us now, if, instead of quarreling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work; or even if in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories. Fancy what Europe would be now if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks, if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans, if the noble and pathetic architecture of the Middle Ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time and the tooth of Time; I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless: it is we who gnaw like the worm, we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish, ourselves who consume; we are the mildew and the flame; and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illuminate. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction. The marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood: it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored its

pathlessness to the desert. The great cathedrals of old religion would have stood: it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea winds chant in the galleries. You will, perhaps, think all this was somehow necessary for the development of the human race. I cannot stay now to dispute that, though I would willingly; but do you think it is *still* necessary for that development? Do you think that in this nineteenth century it is *still* necessary for the European nations to turn all the places where their principal art treasures are into battlefields? For that is what they are doing even while I speak; the great firm of the world is managing its business at this moment just as it has done in past time.—*John Ruskin in "A Joy Forever."*

### Correspondence.

*Editor the Advocate of Peace:* Although a friend to Russia, as shown by my labors of 1891 as Chairman of the Russian Famine Relief Committee of the United States, and otherwise, as also by my impartial efforts for the success of the Conference at Portsmouth, I could not fail to note especially the humane spirit in which the honorable representatives of Japan were able to deal with the great questions involved, or to cherish the hope that the noble sentiments which governed them in concluding the treaty may early find concurrence among all peoples.

It was this feeling that prompted my letters of appeal and of final congratulation to the envoys, and the following special communication to His Excellency, Japan's very able Envoy Extraordinary, etc., to this country:

WASHINGTON, D. C., THE VICTORIA,  
September 20, 1905.

*His Excellency, the Honorable Kogoro Takahira, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Empire of Japan to the United States,*

*Sir:* Because of my profound interest in the peace of the world, and of my surpassing admiration for the manner in which the government of Japan and its illustrious representatives have performed their part in shaping, concluding and supporting the Peace of Portsmouth, I was constrained, on August 30, to offer my very hearty congratulations to His Excellency Baron Komura, who, I learn with much regret, is now seriously ill at New York.

But this does not satisfy my soul. And accordingly, without waiting for your return to Washington, I beg to offer to your Excellency these my added felicitations:

*First:* On the fact of a conclusion, by peaceful treaty, of the terrible war which had cost so many precious lives and so much of treasure; and,

*Secondly:* On the exaltation of spirit with which His Majesty, the Mikado of Japan, and his eminent representatives brought themselves to an acquiescence in terms of settlement deemed less than just.

I speak thus because, having, as she believed, been forced by the aggressive action and attitude of a leading power into one of the greatest wars of modern times, and having made her succession of victories on both land and sea the wonder of the nations, and hence entitled herself to something for damages, Japan, nevertheless, magnanimously yielded this in the Peace Conference rather than protract the war yet further against the highest welfare of her people, and the entreaties of the more enlightened portion of mankind.

The great Mikado and his counsellors have, by this acquiescence, made their part in the settlement a glorious part—one that will illumine the pages of history with a light divine, and stand forever a shining example to the so-called Christian nations. In a solemn moment, and by a single grand act, they have covered themselves with new glory, and have won for

this marvelous empire of the Orient the right to be accounted foremost among the civilized nations. Japan need not longer be known as "The Land of the Rising Sun." Her sun has risen!

With highest regards for your Excellency's part in this greatest of all victories, and with very great admiration for the government and people of your country, I have the honor to be

Most sincerely and cordially yours,  
JOHN W. HOYT,  
*Former Governor of Wyoming.*

The very noble and splendid message of the Mikado, announcing his approval of the treaty as concluded, but increases my admiration, fully justifies my communications to his Envoys, and deepens my desire that his example may prove an inspiration to other rulers and governing powers throughout the world.

Very respectfully yours,  
JOHN W. HOYT.

WASHINGTON, October 17, 1905.

### New Books.

TOUR OF THE INTERPARLIAMENTARY UNION IN THE UNITED STATES. Described by Hon. Samuel J. Barrows, ex-member of Congress from Massachusetts. The Government Printing Office, Washington.

This handsomely bound and finely printed and illustrated volume of two hundred and eighty pages gives the story of the Interparliamentary Conference held at St. Louis last year, and of the generous hospitality of our government to the delegates from abroad. Mr. Barrows has included in the volume the history of the organization, growth and work of the Union in promoting international arbitration and friendly relations among the governments of the world. He has also inserted, under the title "A Prologue of Peace," certain noteworthy utterances of the Presidents of the United States on the subject of peace and arbitration, and likewise a brief account of the organization and work of the peace organizations in America. The volume is an important contribution to the story of the great peace movement of our time.

RECEUIL DES ACTES ET PROTOCOLES CONCERNANT LE DIFFEREND ENTRE LA FRANCE ET LA GRANDE BRETAGNE À PROPOS DES BOUTRES DE MASCATE. Submitted to the arbitration tribunal constituted under the arbitral agreement concluded October 13, 1904, between the above-mentioned powers.

This document issued, by the International Bureau of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, contains the contentions of the two governments which submitted the Muscat dispute to the Hague Court and the award of the arbitrators chosen from the Court to try the case. The case is the fourth one which has been submitted to the Court.

UNIVERSAL CONGRESS OF LAWYERS AND JURISTS AT ST. LOUIS SEPTEMBER, 1904. Official Report, edited by the secretary, Mr. V. Mott Potter of St. Louis.

This volume of four hundred and twenty-three pages, large 8vo, contains the full report of the proceedings of this important Congress which was held under the joint auspices of the Exposition and the American Bar Asso-